

No. 54 West 46thSt.  
N.Y. Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> 1884

My own dearest Harry,

You never saw such a fizzle as the letter I attempted to write you last night. It was positively the worst thing I ever wrote, and you know that is saying a great deal. Perhaps it is lucky for you that it was so dreadful, for if it had been a little less so, I might have sent it. Then the scrap I wrote on my way home tonight was hardly worth sending, but perhaps it will be better than none. Anyway I risked it, & sent the thing. I crossed Barclay St. Ferry, & went to the main P.O. to mail it and you'll get it New Years morning. It makes me sick to think I had to send such a scrap to reach you on that day, but it was all I could possibly do, and I sent it as it was, without waiting to add more to it, for I didn't want the day to pass without a word from me, and if I hadn't sent it then, you would not have had it till Friday for I suppose the P.O. will be closed on Thurs after ten o'clock or so. But I hope you'll take the will for the deed as I did all I could. While I was at the P.O. I tho't I'd find out at head quarters about the mails, for tho' I have asked at two branch offices (Station E on 33<sup>rd</sup> St. & Station G on B'way between 51st & 52<sup>nd</sup> Sts) I hadn't gotten those mails settled. At both places they told me some thing different, and tonight I heard still another story. I hope I have it right this time. I had quite a performance to go thro' before I could find out. I went to the stamp window, (as it was the only place I could get at, {and that is where I got for my information at the branch offices,} and I was told (after waiting some time in a line for my turn) that I could find out on the other side of the building, so I went over, & got in another line in front of a stamp window, for there wasn't another window open on the whole side. Well, I did find out some thing there. The man didn't know anything about the mails, but was very polite and told me what to do. He said to go to Section 22, & told me where to find it, and said if I would ring a bell which I would see on the wall, some one would come and tell me all I wanted to know. Well I went to Section 22 \_ and there sure enough was a bell. I rang it and waited. I was beginning to think the man had been making a fool of me, but at last a little slide was pushed aside, and a man's head appeared, and he said there were three mails a day, one at 3:00 & one at 8:00 A.M. & one at 7:30 P.M. Of course they close earlier here, but I dont see why 5:00 P.M. wouldn't be time enough to allow, if I get them in in time for the 5. P.M. collection, say at twenty minutes of, or quarter of five. They ought to reach you on second day after, in the morning's mail. I think perhaps my Friday's letter reached Lafayette after all & probably spent a day & night in the P.O. but I didn't know the mails then as I do now, and was afraid to risk it, & sent the telegram to be on the safe side. If on Monday you found that the letter had been there all the time ~~went~~ you were probably disgusted, but I hope if it was there, you got it, by some lucky chance, on Sunday. Perhaps some one else got it out, & brought it to you, or perhaps I needn't flatter myself that you walk to Lafayette on Sunday morning on purpose for my letters, tho' you have rather led me to suppose so at times when you didn't find one, but you would probably go any way for there is a sort of fascination about a P.O. There is always a chance of a letter from some one and one cant keep away. So perhaps tho' you knew, or tho't you couldn't have one from me, you may have gone on the chance of having one from some body else, from home or from Mr. Lee or from some one, and perhaps my letter was there after all. Do you know I feel ~~always~~ almost sure it was there since I have heard about that 7:30 mail, instead of six as I supposed. I dont see how it could have missed being there. I dont think I have a doubt about it, but I am not so

sure about your going over, for you may have had a batch of letters on Saturday & tho't the chances of a letter too slim to pay you to go over as early enough to get it out before the office closed. If you did go, how surprised you must have been to find one from me. I sent the telegram Friday on my way home from the P.O. I sent it as a night message and they said it wouldn't be delivered at night, but early the next morning, unless I paid extra. This wasn't worth while. In fact I ~~didn't~~ would have paid extra rather than to have had it delivered in the night, and get you up when you were dazed and not in full possession of your senses, for at such a time you wouldn't have been able to read it straight, or to catch my meaning, and would have imagined some thing was the matter with me. It was fortunate that the way that suited me was the cheap way. But your letter which I rec'd on Monday afternoon, on my return home from my lessons, said you didn't get it till 2:30 P.M. and I dont understand that. Of course this telegram didn't make any difference, and it was as well to have it come then as in the morning, but I imagine if it had been anything serious, it might have made a very decided difference, and for that reason I didn't like to ~~know~~ find that it reached you nearly a day after I sent it, for I wrote my message in the telegraph office before 6 .P.M. Friday. Another thing, it was unmercifully twisted when it was telephoned. I tried to word it so that you'd know that an accident had prevented the letter from going on time, and so you that would not worry lest something was the matter with me. I tho't I made this plain. I tho't "Am well. Accident detained letter. Dont go to office Sunday" would tell you, that I was well but had been prevented from getting the letter off on time, for besides being disappointed Sunday you would perhaps worry, thinking that I must be sick again or I wouldn't have failed to write as I had promised – particularly at such a time, & after I had received such elegant presents. It is hard for me to say so much in ten words, for I am generally extravagant in my use of words, throw them ~~arou~~ around loose, so to speak. I think it might be a good lesson for me to practice writing telegrams, decide what I want to say & limit myself to a certain number of words. But wasn't it mean, after the care I had taken to word it so that you'd understand it, and would know that nothing was wrong with me, to have you get it as you say it was telephoned to you: "Am not sick. Accident. No letter. Dont go for the mail on Sunday." If I had put over ten words, you may be sure I wouldn't have stopped short of twenty. Of course you had as much reason to think that some accident had happened to me, as you had to think it had happened to the letter. In fact if I had rec'd such a message from you, I should have tho't that you meant that you had met with some accident, and wanted to explain why you hadn't written, and so wanted to keep me from worrying by telling me that you were not sick, but I suppose you knew that if any serious accident had happened to me, that Jule or mamma would have written you about it, or at least the telegram wouldn't have been in my name. I am awfully glad you didn't get upset by it, tho' I know from your letter that you didn't feel easy about me till ~~this~~ Monday afternoon when you rec'd my letter of explanation. The one you rec'd Monday A.M. didn't tell you anything of course, for when I found the thing I couldn't stop to write any more. I tho't it somewhat risky, tho' according to the skedule you sent me sometime ago, it was all right, but that huge dog I feared had settled it and so I tho't there was nothing I could do but telegraph you, but now I think the letter must have gone out on that 7:30 P.M. mail. We went to the Casino tonight. It is magnificent, and you must go there when you come home. I'll treat you some night, when you are not in a hurry to leave me for Madison, as you did that Thursday when I begged you to stay, and then you might as well have stayed and been killed for a sheep

as well as a lamb, for you got a blessing anyhow. We heard, "Prince Mthusalem" tonight and I like it better than any comic opera I ever heard. It was very funny and I enjoyed it immensely. Oh Harry do you remember when we went to Coney Island, and you made us miss one train and tried to miss another. I wonder if you know how funny you acted. I tho't you acted as tho' you were bored to death. At first you seemed disappointed because no one else was going, & we were to go alone, and acted as tho' you wanted to miss two or three trains to get out of it, & yet you would not consent to give it up when I hinted that we were not obliged to go. At any rate, it seemed to me that you didn't want to go, & while you were there you seemed bored, as tho' you didn't enjoy it. Do you remember I accused you of being bored, and you wouldn't own it, but you didn't act happy, and even now that I know of your love, I can understand that night less than ever. I cant think of you in any other light than bored that night. I hoped to spend Friday night in Madison but I cant. Uncle T.E. & Aunt Jennie are here and mamma thinks it wouldn't be right for me to leave. She says I am away most of the time during the day so that they cant count on me at all, & of course they understand that, & dont think anything of it, but if I should go to Madison they would think it very peculiar. I fear it will be my only chance this winter but I'll have to let it go. I could only stay from Friday night till Saturday afternoon, for I have a lesson early Monday A.M. I suppose I'll have to give the Widmayers on Wed. aft. & Saturday mornings, for they go to school and I'm afraid I cant work them in on Mondays & Thurs, for they dont want to take as late as from quarter of five. You see it would make it pretty late, & I cant arrange it any earlier, & so it will probably end in my giving up a part of those days, and I wont have a single whole day left to call my own, & it will be impossible for me to leave home.

I cant write more tonight as it is very late. Tomorrow I give my Thursday lessons on account of the holiday on Thurs. Aunt J. & Uncle T.E. are going to Montclair on Thurs, and yesterday Jule and I received an invitation to dine in Brooklyn at the Creamers — Cousin Hattie is there and isn't able to get over to see us, & wants a little visit with us, so she wrote to know if we would ~~not~~ come over & spend the day. Said they were not going to receive calls, and we could have a nice quiet visit. So as our company will spend the day in Montclair we have accepted the invitation. I tho't as Cousin Mag & John & Jule were to be at Madison they would have enough company, & besides there wouldn't be much satisfaction just going for the day. I'd have to leave Thurs afternoon on account of my lesson on Friday at 8:30 A.M. But I must go to bed. Goodnight my dearest your Effie

N.Y. Wed. 12:30 P.M.

Dearest Harry I have only a very few moments to finish this in. Your letter rec'd this A.M. in first mail & I got it when I came in from my lesson. Am glad you got my ~~Sund~~ letter on Sunday. You said you were not well. Harry dear do you want to kill yourself? You promised to rest during vacation, & you are working right along just as hard as ever. I hope you are better by this time, & that you will take my advice about going to Chicago. You must do it. Start the day you get this, or for goodness sake, take care of yourself if you remain in Lafayette all the time. It is reckless for you to work so constantly, and I'm getting pretty mad about it.

I haven't time to write more now but will write tonight if possible, and if not tomorrow without fail.

Wishing you the happiest New Year and every good thing possible. Always your own  
loving  
Effie